

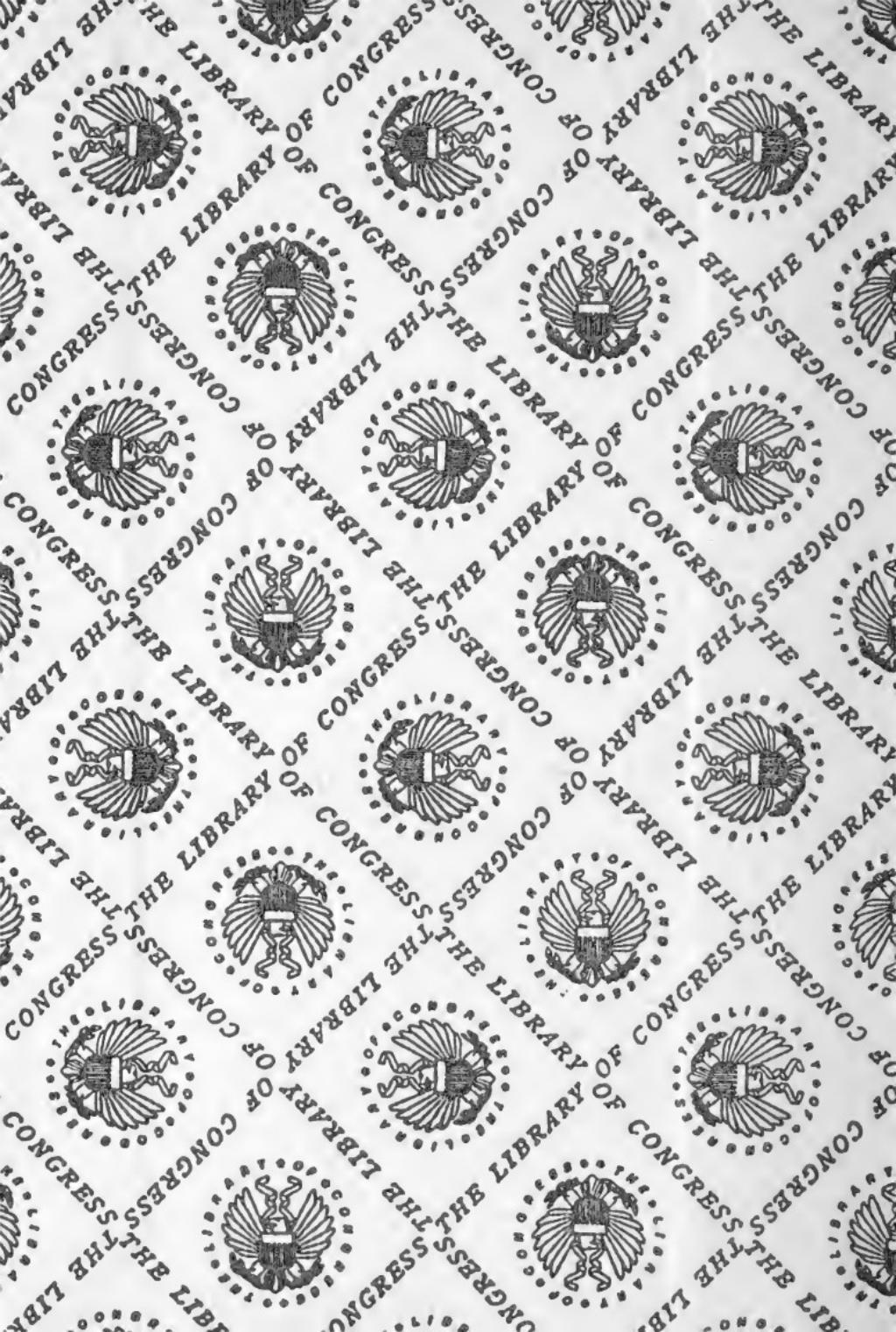
PS 1474

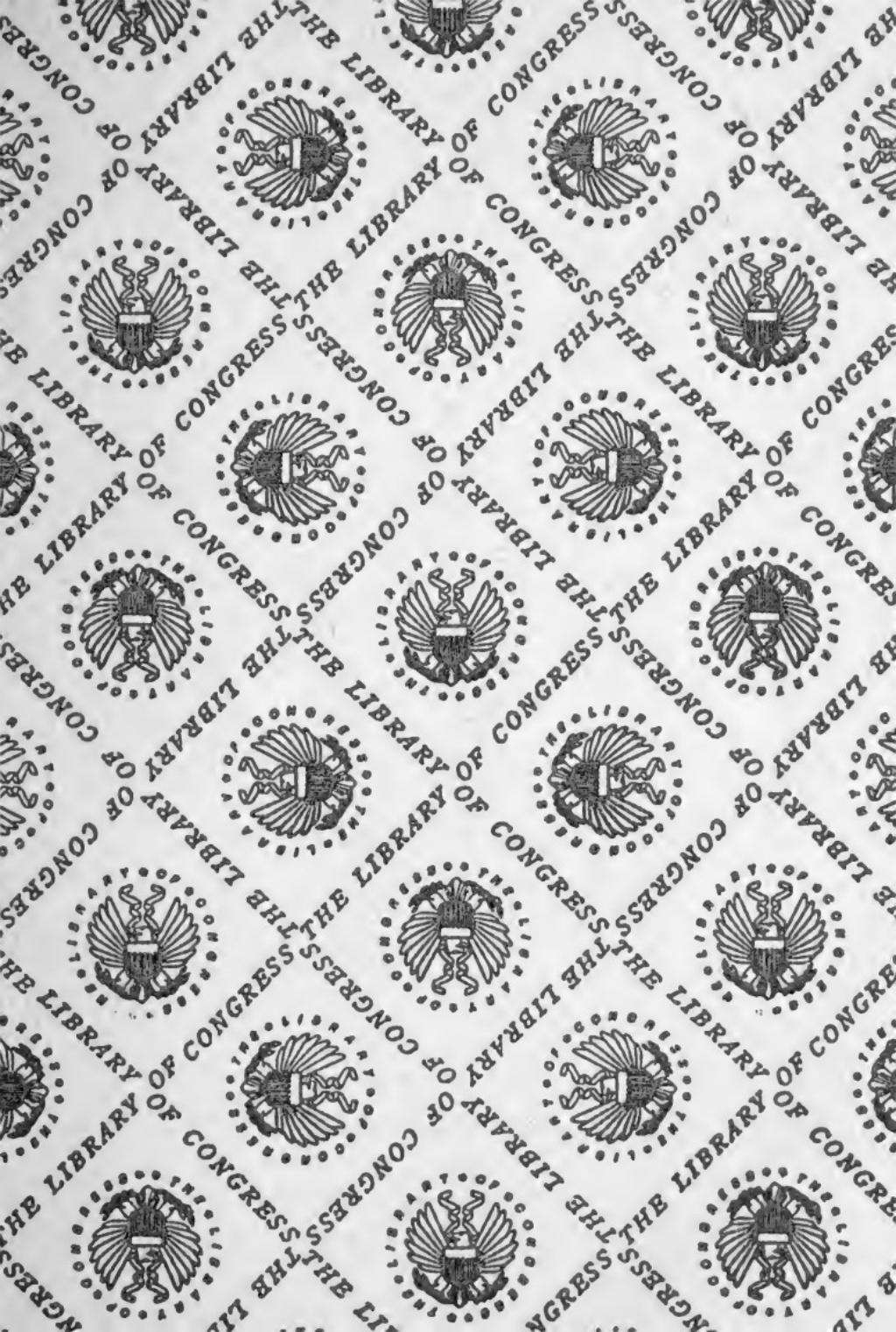
.C8

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00006065247







# ONE QUESTION.

By Miss  
Louisa May Alcott



BRENTANO'S:

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, WASHINGTON,  
LONDON, PARIS.

1839.

PS 1474

C 8

---

COPYRIGHT, 1889.  
BRENTANO'S.

---

## DEDICATION

TO

**M. B. D.**

♦

"To the dear presence without whom I were nothing;"  
To the source and inspiration of my every endeavor to  
reach life's highest and best thought, this volume is  
affectionately dedicated.



# *PREFACE.*

To the great: the Critical: the Public:  
To the Voice, fame-making or condemning:  
To what is not I among the people:  
Greeting; and a word of explanation  
Of this book, and what it is and is not.  
Here is offered you no finished drama,  
Filled with startling incidents and rounded  
To a perfect close. Alas, this story  
Is not closed, but living on among you!  
There is offered here no work of fiction,  
To amuse you in some hour when weary.  
Do not reading, look for such things, Critic.  
There is much among *Belles Lettres* awaiting  
All your research and your condemnation.

This is truth, one truth among the many  
Lived before your unobserving vision.  
This is but the heart-cry of one woman,  
To one man's entreating need and anguish.  
Haply this voice sent out in some stillness,  
Or its echo, when the voice is silenced,  
May uphold some heart when this same  
    question  
Hinders gayer sounds from comprehension.  
Therefore if one other life may find here,  
'Mong these faltering words, some word to  
    comfort,  
Then is gained that which my soul demanded,  
And that reached for which the book was  
    written.  
There is comfort ; there is strength and self-  
    hood,

Wrung from Life's all-seeming incompletion ;  
Wrested from the grasp, that aids, withholding,

The weak longing to a strong endeavor.

Were the present life its outward seeming,  
Birth, and struggle, and defeat, and ending  
With some ever dreaded death hour's darkness,

We might then arraign the Power that gave it.  
Why a child, in fashioning some plaything  
For an hour's diversion were more skillful !  
Why a man, in scheming some advancement  
Of his fortunes would not fail in planning  
The last crowning triumph !

These would fail not

In capacity for plan and action,  
As this Power called God, we dare to question,  
Fails in every life to grant perfection;  
Fails in every life a compensation  
For bestowal; for its pain and anguish;  
Were the present life its outward seeming.  
With great love then, with soul-knowledge  
    truly

Of the heart's need, are the words now  
    offered.

They who likewise cry will surely listen.  
They who laugh yet will not hear the  
    message.

Each one to his own, and ever changeless,  
God's love over all the lives that question,  
God's peace unto all the final answer.





# *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

---

*CYRIL DAVENANT.*

*JOYCE DAVENANT, HIS WIFE.*

*ELOISE MAYBURN.*

*GEORGE MAYBURN, BROTHER TO ELOISE.*

*TWO FLORENTINES.*



# *P*ROLOGUE.

Standing, with wondering eyes, amid the shows  
That so deceive the senses in this life ;  
Hearing the questions, with which it is rife,  
So overpower the sureties that one knows ;  
It chanced one louder than the rest arose,  
Demanding if the name alone of wife  
More sacred were than Love : and lo, great  
strife  
Filled all my heart, while two their answer  
chose.

For they, to whom the question came, were  
dear;

Most dear unto my soul. I could not place  
Against their choice my fiat. World's dis-  
grace

I felt could not o'erwhelm them ; nor the fear  
Of things Eternal mar the moment's pace  
Through which their choice shaped, in their  
soul-light clear.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST—London. Room in Cyril's  
apartments. CYRIL writing. *Enter* GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Here is the paper; all the latest news:  
Not that you care much for it (being in  
love);

Nor how life turns itself for others' use.

And yet the attention of the World at  
large

Each Microcosm has its hour to claim.

Your turn will come with clang of wedding-  
bells.

And men will wonder to see consummate,  
Among the discords of the present time,

The marriage of the future : the ideal  
Made manifest and lived before the gaze  
Of doubters claiming that such may not be.  
Your turn, O friend ! will come in three  
days' time.

I wander, thinking of your joy and mine,  
From that I came to tell you. Come, re-  
turn !

The days you have annihilate in mind  
Are yet to pass. Return and hear me read  
Of one soul saved from hundreds lost at sea,  
When the ship Hester sank six years ago.  
Small accidents do serve for miracles  
These later days ! Listen how one was  
found

A fortnight since on a lone island's shore :

An island lying in the Southern Sea,  
Leagues from the usual track of ships that sail.  
A trading-ship, disabled by a storm,  
Blown from her course, anchored beside  
this isle.

The while her crew repaired as best they  
could  
Her damaged hull and sought fresh water  
streams.

And there, awaiting them within the surf  
That overswept her; grasping at the boat,  
As if the insentient wood itself could feel  
Her joy at rescue; there, the boat's crew  
found—

A woman! Cyril, speak. What have I said  
To make you turn so pale?

CYRIL.

Her name, her name?

GEORGE.

It cannot be. O Cyril, speak to me!  
Her name is even your name, Davenant.  
Who is this creature, lost and found through  
    storm?

Who is this woman, wrested from the dead  
To make you look like one who faces Death,  
Knowing the while the closing of the strife,  
Seeing the conflict's end ere it begin?  
Who is she? has she right to thrust you  
    back

E'en from your wedding-morn, and Eloise?

CYRIL.

Stand back and look not on me ! Where I  
stand,  
Some two feet from you, is Hell's strong-  
hold. Lo,  
Its breath may wither you. I am undone !

GEORGE.

My brother, that should be ; my more than  
friend,  
Tell me the truth it rends you to conceal.  
I stand not here to censure, but to share  
Your overpowering grief. I pray you speak.

CYRIL.

This woman is my wife. I married her

Three months before that fated ship went down.

Talk not to me of miracles ! Why friend  
It was for her God cursed that boat, and lo,  
She has slipped through His fingers, to  
keep fresh

My foolish youth, and darken all my life !  
I have no words to tell you how it chanced  
I married her. Suffice it that I did.  
I married her. She is bone of my bone ;  
Flesh of my flesh ; soul of my soul ? ah no !  
Within your home my soul's life, knowing  
naught  
Of this that waits her, dwells.

How may she know ?

How can I tell her of this other one—

Whom the great sea refuses to make clean;  
Whom all its waters are not strong enough  
To sweep from out our path—this one, who  
stands

A something worse than death confronting  
me?

The past six years I thought of her as dead:  
Through them I grew to love the noblest  
soul

Ever incarnate in a woman's form.

The days, in length'ning out three times  
their course,

Had brought us, but for this, our marriage-  
morn:

Had placed you closer, could you closer  
dwell

Within my heart, through standing in men's  
eyes

Acknowledgéd what you have ever been,  
My brother, soul-companion, truest friend.

GEORGE.

O Cyril, for some word to speak to you :  
Not comfort—that's beyond me—but some  
word

To change that horror on your face to shame,  
To rage, to anything save that which mocks  
All loving sympathy with its fell strength.  
Is this surprise all evil? Lives there not  
In your wife's living aught of former love?  
You must have loved her once. You must  
have loved,

To give your life into her keeping, man.

Is that all ended, Cyril? Is all lost?

CYRIL.

My wife! O damnéd words! I have no right

Through life to speak them purely evermore.

My wife! my curse! my fate! whom Destiny  
Has saved to blast all lives that come within  
Her influence.

You ask if all is lost;  
Aye, lost! I never loved her. God knows  
when

My passion was the strongest, I most felt  
Her lack of what I longed for!

Why, I thought  
To find Love's self embodied to my touch!  
And lo, through all her selfish soul she ne'er

Had touched Love's meaning.

Far beyond the reach  
Of lives like hers Love's sanctuary lies.  
She never made her own one sacrifice,  
Through which to claim her kinship with  
his power.

I had not called her by my name a month,  
Before she brought to it what ne'er before  
Had soiled it since I bore it, e'en disgrace.  
And, ere the honeymoon could pass, she  
proved

As false to me, as to the man from whom,  
Fool that I was! I thought she had been  
won.

I should have known in time. Nay, curse  
me now!

Offer not pity. O my friend! my friend!  
Some fiend it was that warped my reason's  
power:

It was not I, who speak. It was not I!

GEORGE.

I look within my heart and find not there  
Curses nor pity; a great wonderment  
Alone it is that fills it. I might stand  
There in your place and look at you with  
eyes

Grown dim from looking at such deep de-  
spair;

And this might come to me or any one.

But you! you who have lived above re-  
proach!

You, whose integrity has stayed mine own,

When all the World's seemed fleeting !

O henceforth,

I can believe in nothing save the power  
That revels in things evil !

CYRIL.

These your words,  
Will come to me again, and smite me when  
My senses reawaken. Now I hear  
Your voice as from a distance, and I see  
Your face as through thick clouds.

I am apart  
From that I was. I know not anything,  
Save this despair, that numbs my every  
sense,  
And must be faced alone. I pray you go !  
If you would help me, keep this from the ear

Of your loved sister, until I first speak  
The words, the last of which must be Fare-  
well.

---

SCENE SECOND—Cyril's apartments in Lon-  
don. CYRIL alone. *Enter* JOYCE.

JOYCE.

Yes, Cyril, it is I; real flesh and blood.  
Have you no word of greeting for your wife?  
What! is it such a crime to conquer Death,  
Alone in a whole ship-load to be freed  
From his embrace?

You did not stand so once;  
You looked not at me with such eyes, in  
days

Long past, when I came toward you. O, I  
live!

I live to tell you that there is still time  
To win the happiness you lost because  
I lived once in your past.

Lo, I have come!

God has remembered me, and now I stand  
Beside your hearth with power to change  
the blight

I cast upon it. Husband, speak some word  
Unto me! Have you not for me one word?

CYRIL.

There must be somewhere words for every  
thought

That comes to man:—but yet I cannot find  
An answer for you.

O my God, my God!  
Is there an answer anywhere to such  
A hopeless problem?

When you left me, Joyce,  
You welcomed the escape. Why do you  
come  
To offer love, now it is all too late  
For me to e'er rekindle his old fire?

JOYCE.

Is it for this I stand again within  
The world of men, to hear you say: "too  
late?"  
It cannot be too late: it cannot be!  
Cyril, from awful solitude I come;  
From months and years of silence I am  
brought

To hear this bitter truth. You are unjust:  
You who were once so merciful to me.  
O how my heart turned toward you in that  
night

Of isolation from my kind! I learned  
Some new truths in that wilderness. I  
learned

To love you better day by day when there  
Was naught between my face and Heaven,  
    save

The faces in the clouds, or curious eyes  
Of hungry flying gulls, that rose and sank  
Before me on the never-resting waves.

O husband, give to me the chance to prove  
Worthy your past forgiveness! Give me  
time

To win your love again. I do not ask  
More than your heart can give, but only  
time  
To weave, so patiently, the broken threads  
Of our lives' texture into harmony.

CYRIL.

The time is overpast for you to touch  
My life with comfort. Come no nearer me,  
For I am mad with pain!

I have few words  
For you to hear, and they are quickly told.

I love one far above you. Her I love  
With all the strength and purpose of my  
soul.

I love her, not as I loved you, (*that* fierce  
Wild fever of the blood, *that* comes but once

To each man's life!) I love her, as I love  
The life you cursed, grown hopeful through  
the love;  
My deathless soul, but prized through the love;  
And you do stand between us!

Would you serve  
One who was merciful when you did need  
Man's mercy most? then leave me free to  
tread  
Life's paths with her.

You have it in your power  
To bless or curse two lives; what will you  
say?

JOYCE.

I love you. What then! shall I send you  
forth,

When I have found you, for some other one  
To crowd all thoughts of me save bitter ones  
Forever from your mind?

There does not live  
A soul so foolish. You are mine, mine,  
*mine!*

Aye, you may leave me, curse me, spurn  
me, still

I stand between you and all other love  
Your heart may turn to. O, I have a power  
To make you wretched all your days, or else,  
By loving you as wife ne'er loved, to win  
Your wayward heart again! What can she do  
More for you than can I? Is she more fair?  
Has her heart quicker pulses at your touch?  
Would she leave name and worldly praise  
that you

Might be content as I would ?

O I have

No name save yours; no fame to give you,  
free

As I give love, you need not, will not take!

CYRIL.

I had no hope you would give me release.  
I know your nature: you are not to blame  
Perchance for its weak limit.

Do the worst  
You can: live on long years, to prove and be  
A barrier to all growth that I might reach.  
I nevermore will look upon your face.  
While London shelters you the East or West  
Shall be my burial place; but if you give  
Scandal the least excuse to name you, lo,

I'll shake you from me as I would a snake  
That fastened on my hand. Until then, go,  
Rejoicing in your power, that yet shall end,  
As all things evil must in their own shame!

JOYCE.

I will live here in all men's eyes, a life  
Beyond reproach. I will be constant, since  
That is my one claim on you. I will be  
A pattern for the virtues, save the one  
Weak sacrifice of self you do demand.  
You'll weary of your new-found love in time.  
My power is not all ended. You will come  
To me again; and I can wait.

I know  
Each word in the hard lesson Patience brings  
Unto us. I can love you still and wait.

SCENE THIRD—Parlor in Mayburn House,  
—shire. *Enter* CYRIL. ELOISE advancing to  
meet him.

CYRIL.

Eloise, Eloise, I thought to speak!  
I thought to soften this by words, hard  
wrung  
From my grief-closéd heart; but you have  
heard  
Before I gathered strength to tell it you.  
The whispering world, that glories in the  
pain  
Of nobler things than its own fashions make,  
Has stung you with the truth, the bitter  
truth,  
That no words can make worthy to be heard.

The envious have forestalléd my intent.  
The things that feared you, even they did  
rise,  
To heights I reared for them to stand upon  
And sneer at your undoing; from whence  
they  
Have uttered words my great love could  
not find  
Save all too harsh in which to speak to you.  
And I have brought this to you. I have set  
Vibrating with the echo of your name,  
The thousand, idle, clamoring tongues, that  
ne'er  
Until this hour dared say: "Shame touches  
her."

ELOISE.

Cyril, look up. This hurts me more than all  
The hours since yestermorn have brought  
to me.

Look at me. Do you fear to face your love,  
Your other self, because of suffering?

CYRIL.

Nay, listen, sweetheart, when you shall have  
heard  
The past, as I alone can tell it you,  
Your fealty may swerve from one who proves  
Not what your thought of him has always  
been.

I know your truth and purity—I know  
Your love once granted never can return  
To you again to be a sacrament

For some new shrine—but Cyril Davenant,  
And your ideal love may stand apart  
As far as East from West, the truth de-  
clared.

\* \* \* \*

That I have loved you, Eloise, you know.  
From childhood's hour this love for you  
has grown;  
A sweetness length'ning with the days ; a  
power  
So natural I did not question it;  
As one whose life grown suddenly astir  
With strange sweet rapture questions, till  
he find  
Life's crowning wonder, Love, has come to  
him.

I loved you as I loved the air, the light,  
All graciousness that Nature lavishes  
Upon her ways. One does not stop to  
thank

The sunshine that makes radiant all the path  
Until the storm-cloud shows his need of it.  
I grew to manhood blessed by you each day;  
Yet missing that, because I stood so near,  
Which reaching suddenly had shown to me  
In time to make it mine, Life's greatest  
good.

I had you always, sweetheart, to make strong  
Each worthy impulse of my heart; to bless  
With gentle presence each impetuous wish  
That restless boyhood mars through need  
of such.

Thus time went on, until my eager mind  
Grew restive 'neath home's peace, and I went  
forth

To gain the wider culture that awaits  
The man forsaking all that he has known  
For its untried, unproved, yet longed for  
sake.

It was in Germany I met the one  
Who now doth come to part us. She was  
there,

As I, a traveler, and with her were  
Her father and a man who claimed to be  
Her cousin. Thus it chanced we met; we  
were

Companions of a week in a small town,  
And lodged in the one inn it did afford.

From the first time my glance espied her  
there—

The sunlight falling on her hair's bright gold  
Paling before its beauty—I was not  
Master of choosing thenceforth good or ill,  
Or right or wrong, but only thought which  
way

Her will would prove and straightway walked  
therein.

O Eloise! to you this seems most weak.  
Yet through it all, beneath it was a power  
Transcending strength or weakness, and the  
time

Was ripe to name it, and its name was Fate.

They were Americans; or so at least  
The father was: a man proud of his wealth,

And yet no boaster: proud to feel his pride,  
Not weak to make it known. He was  
withal,

A kindly-natured man, whose every thought  
Centered in the one life that held such power  
In its strange light to shadow all who stood  
Within the radiance of its influence.

The cousin was a cosmopolitan;  
A finished gentleman, incapable  
Of seeming rudeness, but who yet contrived  
In every accent, each smooth-finished sneer,  
That I should keenly feel my lack of years,  
My heart's strong hopefulness, my untried  
youth,

To be, compared with World's experience,  
But blemishes upon the surface smooth

That life should show; but awkward, useless  
things;

Obstacles to the heartless, finished grace,  
That constitutes one a World's citizen.

She, for whose sake they roamed the World  
around,

Was neither English nor American.

No countryman could claim her as his own;  
For something of all countries dwelt within  
The ardor of her spirit. She was young,  
But eighteen years, and I myself could boast  
But four years more entitling me to claim  
A man's estate, a husband's dignity.

Our courtship was most brief: in three  
weeks' time

From the first day I say her we were wed.

And not so long a time did happiness,  
(If the wild rapturous dream in which I  
spent  
Their passing might be called by such a  
name,)

Abide with me, before the blow first fell,  
That this day leaves me strong enough to say:  
No horror yet to be may equal this  
That has been undergone; no fear may come;  
No grief may stir the heart, that has lived  
through

Such horror, grief, and fear to still beat on.

We traveled onward as one company.  
She was their life, their journey's main ex-  
cuse.

Her father could not send so suddenly

His darling from him; so we journeyed on.  
We journeyed;

till one night, returning ere  
I was expected from a neighboring town,  
I walked, not finding her within the inn,  
Into the garden.

ELOISE.

Cyril, speak no more  
Of this that wrings your spirit with such  
strength  
Of bitterness--Nay, love, you need not  
speak.

I trust you, dear, without this cruel proof.

CYRIL.

She rested in her lover's arms, her own  
Around his neck, her sunny hair so close

Beside his dark locks that they might have  
stood

As symbolizing in two human forms  
The forces, light and shade. And, ere I  
might

Make known my presence, lo, they spoke  
of me :

He bitterly, but she, she laughed and said ;  
He need not grieve o'er kisses idly spent  
For pastime with me till the hours could turn  
Into the moments they might call their own,  
And live for through the other's weariness.

And then I rushed upon them, wild with  
pain.

My one thought was to reach them, where  
they stood

Sneering at my love-blasted youth; to reach,  
And kill him, ere that mocking smile could  
leave

The mouth her kisses were yet fresh upon.  
But while I sprang my murderous hate re-  
coiled

Upon my own brain, and I fell enwrapped  
In a thick darkness, which encompassed me  
For many hours, and left me when I turned  
From its most merciful oblivion,  
Weak, as my past had proved ; weak as  
my life

Must ever thence appear. O fool undone !  
O youth then burdened with all deep regret  
That age can know ! This, Eloise, I speak  
Is God's own truth. There is no loneliness

In weakest age, so full of deep despair  
As that, youth feels, in gazing hopelessly  
At years that stretch their dreaded length  
    beyond  
Its first wild heart-break to Eternity.

When I awoke I was alone. I turned  
My face thenceforth from Germany and spent  
Within the south of France some few weeks'  
    time.

But, brooding on my evil fate, I grew  
Sick unto Death, and near his longed-for  
    door

For days I lay, living it o'er at times;  
The brief weeks' courtship, the fool's para-  
    dise,

The meeting in the garden, and the pain

Of darkness that o'erswept me. Always thus  
The fever's pauses left me, the same cloud  
Brought all I knew of rest through those  
dark days.

Her father stood beside me when I woke  
To the full consciousness of my disgrace:  
And, while his tears fell, plead with me to  
save

His child from her own passion-blasted soul.  
He told me what I should have known be-  
fore

Of her love for her cousin, whom he feared  
E'en as she loved him: plead with me to save  
His darling from the evil influence  
That long had marred her life with subtle  
power.

He had not understood the full extent  
Of her mad passion, and had welcomed me  
As one God-sent to turn her life's course  
through  
A clearer channel to some calmer sea.

He had been with me all my illness through;  
Tending me while I did not understand  
Aught save my loss, my weariness, my pain.  
He was an old man, Eloise; his pride  
Was brought so low; his love unconquered  
still  
Was wrestling with me for his daughter's  
fame.  
If I would but forgive and take my wife  
Anywhere, to new scenes, he promised me  
He would see neither of us more, until

Life should resume its former happy sway  
O'er her sick heart and mine.

Aught that recalled  
This shame should be removed, and years  
might roll

Between us ere he looked again upon  
His daughter's face, if we would only try  
In mercy to our souls, to overlive  
The darkness of our mutual misery.

And she came, Eloise, and bowed her head  
Beside me where I lay, and told me all  
Her passion for the man, whom thenceforth  
she

Would look upon no more if I would take  
Compassion on her sorrow-stricken heart,  
And help her toward the peace I too would win.

Beloved, look upon me, with those clear,  
Brave eyes, that give me courage to go on  
With my most wretched story. Look, although  
I dim their clearness with sad tears, that should  
Ne'er stir their depths for such unworthiness.  
'Twas then I took the step that holds me now  
Forevermore from right to comfort you.  
Because my life was broken utterly;  
Its purpose thwarted and its hope betrayed;  
Because she turned to me as to her God,  
Asking that I would save her from herself;  
I took her hand in mine and journeyed on.  
Through France we traveled, thence to Italy;  
Reaching at last a villa, where we said  
We would woo peace to come to us, nor seek  
Its flying shadow longer to o'ertake.

Six weeks we lived there. O, I cannot speak  
Of that most useless effort farther, for  
You cannot understand! Ah, never yet  
Came discipline to you but you have wrung  
A sweetness from its hardest touch, a strength  
From its most weak'ning trial! We did grow  
Each day and hour more utterly estranged.  
At last I put the question into words  
That long her eyes had asked for far-off home.  
She met her father and they sailed upon  
The steamship Hester—and you know the rest.  
  
The truth is yours now, Eloise, all told  
I can find words for. Cruel story, sweet,  
And lamely renderéd. O blame me, love!  
Say some harsh word: this silence grows too  
strong

For my enduring. O I could not bear  
In our old happy days to speak of this,  
This blot upon my past! I thought her dead.  
I thought to bear my secret in my heart  
Where it might cast no shade upon you;  
thought,

The past being blotted out, with you to make  
A future strong enough to clear its stain  
Henceforward from my memory.

She lived,  
That Justice might o'erstep its own decree,  
And strike through mine your being; lived  
to make  
A living death of what our love should be.  
And now she stands all reconciled, all fond,  
Making a barrier of her constancy

Between us, Eloise, I cannot break.  
She lived, through storm and wreck and  
danger, dared  
Through years of solitude; through hunger,  
fear  
Of death in countless ways, to be our curse.  
As once my life was blasted so now yours  
Is henceforth darkened O what had you  
done  
To give her power to harm your blameless  
life ?

ELOISE.

Cyril, her power is ended to make dark  
Your life and mine. No human creature bears  
The right to injure past a certain point  
A fellow-mortal's life.

The worst is done.

She has brought shame and torture unto you.  
She has despoiled your heart of the first  
strength

That was its natural heritage; but yet,  
When all is done, O Cyril, still there lives  
Within your nature's depth, a strength be-  
yond

Which sorrow cannot pierce you! O my  
love!

Stand forth within the sunlight. Hold your  
wound

Out where the airs of Heaven may search  
it through:

Wring from its throbbing torture the last  
drops

Of the envenomed shame that festers where  
The darkness of your morbid fancy makes  
A cloak to hide it from God's blessed truth.  
Thus sooner shalt thou cleanse it.

Stand thou forth;  
That mankind seeing, may thus gain with you  
The nobler strength that comes from daring  
all

That Pain may bring us. Stand thou; rush  
not in

As eager fools where angels fear to tread.  
(Ah, many such there be who gladly run  
Toward every trial they know not.) But as  
they,

Who having reached Pain's mainspring, find  
no pang

In its endurance sharpened by the fact  
Of their foreknowledge.

Brave to dare and do  
Be thou, Beloved, knowing all that waits  
Within Pain's touch, and strong that thou  
dost know  
All anguish, rapture, feeling of thy soul  
To be subordinate to thy true self.

CYRIL.

O Eloise, you give me words, yet words  
That I shall live upon the silence found  
I turn to from your presence! Love, my  
love!  
I had forgotten, till God thrust me back  
From His own peace you showed me, all  
the weight

Of the old burden that six restful years  
But make henceforth more grievous to be  
borne.

ELOISE.

I give you words to-day and yet, God knows,  
I loved you yesterday above all else  
That He has made. You were one in my  
thought  
Of what was perfect.

CYRIL.

Now alas! I fall,  
As I did tell you that I feared I should,  
From the ideal you loved, to something far  
Too weak to move you by its misery.  
O woman, whom I counted once a part  
Of this same cast-off life's identity!

Have you no tear to shed for this that breaks  
Asunder from your keeping evermore?  
Have you no natural heartache in this hour,  
No pity for yourself or me? You used  
To feel compassion for each helpless thing  
That claimed your notice of its suffering;  
And now your life is touched you have no tear,  
And all men, judging by your face would say:  
This is a stranger parting from you here,  
Not one who thought this day to call you wife.

ELOISE.

Cyril, Beloved, this our parting proves  
Sad enough without tears of mine to make  
Its anguish deeper. I could feel no more  
With their proof on my cheek your loss and  
mine.

CYRIL.

Why do I rail against you this last time  
That I may look upon you? Let me take  
And place the memory of your face this day  
Within my heart so deep that nevermore  
The jarring actions of the days to come  
May stir its deep foundation therein laid.  
Sweet, it is needless. Ah, there lives not one  
Swift change upon your face, one subtle grace,  
One play of soul, that forms the perfect lines  
Of its expression but I've made my own  
Through hours of watching.

Kiss me once again;  
That I may set its seal forevermore  
Against all lesser passion that may seek  
To stir my heart thus guarded, then Farewell!

SCENE FOURTH—Cyril's apartments in London.  
CYRIL and GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Cyril, our world is all astir with this  
Strange finding of your wife, and your despair.

My sister's name is made a common sound  
In all men's mouths, and scandal with such  
shame

All satiate calls for new developments.

What will you do, take up your cross again,  
And live beside your reclaimed sorrow here?  
Or will you travel till the law can take  
Its course and free you from your unloved  
wife?

CYRIL.

The law is powerless as I.  
There is  
No law in England to break off the chain  
I have forged for myself.

When one condones  
An offense such as hers, unless again  
His wife sins the man may not be released.  
This woman gained a strength in solitude  
To flinch not from her purpose. She will  
hold  
Herself from all reproach to torture me.

GEORGE.

I cannot bear to leave you, though to stay  
Brings you no comfort. This is not the time  
For words; what solace lies in words?  
They prove

When our great need comes empty, useless  
things,

Forms of a sympathy more quickly felt  
In the warm hand-clasp and the tear-dimmed  
eye.

And yet, O friend, with whom my life has  
reached

Its utmost power, its noblest thought, to turn  
Now from you seems so cruel, though it be  
For my loved sister's sake! We go from this  
Changed isle to-morrow morn to Italy.

Promise me here that you will never try  
Henceforth to see her face. She loves you so.  
I love you both, though now I stand between  
Your impulse and best good. Come, prom-  
ise me !

CYRIL.

A promise from one in my state of mind  
Betokens nothing. I am here to-day.  
I know not where another morning's sun  
May shine upon me.

Go your way and take  
The blessing of my life from these weak arms,  
All powerless to hold her.

I will make  
No promises henceforth to God or man.



# *AWAKENED.*

O my love, my own, that I had some word  
to describe it!

Word to prison it in, that so it might not  
die with me!

There is no word save love. Love means  
both passion and object.

Is it joy or pain that I feel, in this strong  
new sense of rebellion?

Is it hope or fear, this unrest that will not  
let me be happy?

I shall never be happy again. I have paid  
that price for your kisses.

Never again shall I know the half-content  
of the happy.

O my love, my own! Do they know, who  
call themselves loving,

This that we know, when we stand with  
eyes too blind through their rapture

To gaze on each other's face, with hearts  
too faint through their beating

To hold the wonderful strength, that through  
their weakness is wasted?

Love, that means sacrament, this, does it  
come to all of the creatures

That use the word lightly between times,  
between their laughing and sighing?

That laugh and kiss and forget, and say  
they have loved one another?

Love, that surging through, cleaves the  
heart so undone by its proving,  
Rend'ring it all unfit thenceforward for  
holding contentment;

Weakest and strongest of all, is it one to  
weakest and strongest?

Love! the triune, that means pain and hope  
beyond power of describing;

Love! ne'er so swift in his flight but the  
shadow abides of his passing;

Love! the betrayer perchance; the comforter  
maybe, but always

The Wonder one could not but choose, though  
one knew the choice ended in sadness.

O my love, my own, lo, this you have  
taught me o'ermasters

Even the teacher's power: never again can  
you claim it!

Love and yourself are not one; though you  
brought to me, through your choosing,  
Force and direction and strength, my life  
had not held, sweet, without you.

Now though you come or go, yet all through  
the coming and going

Love, the reality stays: I may live no  
longer without it.

## ACT SECOND

SCENE FIRST (three months later)—A thoroughfare in Florence. *Enter Two PEDESTRIANS.*

FIRST SPEAKER.

The season drags, the townspeople one meets  
Look weary of the sunshine. Everywhere  
The gay world turns save to this place,  
more dear  
To us freed from the idling, foolish crowd.  
The villa is deserted. No one stays  
Save the sweet English lady, she who mourns  
Some lover laid beneath the English sod.

SECOND SPEAKER.

You do mistake, she mourns for no man dead.  
Her sorrow is a living one, in truth  
I have it from the best authority.

She is the lady who was to have wed  
With Cyril Davenant, but that his wife,  
Kept hidden from the world until the day  
He thought to wed with this one, suddenly  
Appeared to save her from such deep disgrace.  
Ah, Pakovitch, these English are sad dogs.  
Their evils live not on their surface lives  
As ours do. They conceal them well indeed,  
Beneath their haughty face-masks—but they  
grow.

And this man Davenant is not content  
With spoiling her fair future, but he stands  
This day in Florence, where they once have  
met.

I myself saw them meet this very morn.  
When, slowly through the sunshine she  
drew near

Where he stood listless by the Arno's brink,  
He seemed as one on whom the event was  
thrust;

Not like one gaining that he long had sought.  
And while he drew his breath as one in pain  
Draws scant'ly of the universal good,  
I saw a look, that only once before  
I had beheld, thank God! in a man's eyes.  
That was you may recall, when Pedro  
drowned,

That stormy night in autumn eighty-three,  
When we lay pinned to deck by the ship's  
mast,

Nor could stir hand or foot to rescue him.  
His father looked so while he could not move  
To save the lad. That was a bitter time.

FIRST SPEAKER.

Aye, I remember. Did she meet him thus,  
Choosing her footsteps tending, or as one  
That walks Fate's footpath blindly, unpre-  
pared?

SECOND SPEAKER.

The latter: till his eyes looked into hers,  
She had no thought to meet him. Then—  
but she

Was always pale—she grew yet whiter, while  
Her body's blood ran swiftly to her heart,  
To find what stronger motion than it held  
Could cause it beat so fast. Ah, then a light  
Brake o'er her face such as I've seen at sea  
Dart suddenly from thick-piled clouds, when all  
The sky was black with storm save the one  
place,

Revealing the Sun's glory. He should not  
Have come again to make that pallor change  
To light that I saw shine there.

Better far  
Her face had altered unto paler death  
Than brightened 'neath his glances.

They will meet.  
I heard him, standing by her side declare  
He would be with her ere the day was done,  
And that was in the morning. Come away,  
Their sorrow or their sinning is not ours.  
Each man bears his own burden, though

One died  
They tell us bearing all, but long ago.

SCENE SECOND—Eloise's apartments in Florence. ELOISE and CYRIL

CYRIL.

I have come, Eloise, to end this strife  
That weakens both our lives.

I dare to stand  
Here in your presence, as in God's, and say,  
That this that holds you from me is a lie;  
This worldly standard of morality.

It does not comfort you, this World's decree.  
It has not power to bring to you again  
The old time courage for Life's ills, although  
You place it in your heart so far beyond  
The worth of one man's love. O Eloise,  
Look at me, answer me! Do all the tongues  
That sound the World's amen bring to you,  
sweet,

The wild rejoicing in their sound that mine  
Does in thus calling you again, my love?

ELOISE.

Why do these tears fall now I see your face,  
That daily blurred its image in my mind?  
Ah! is this you? and say you still my love?  
Why then I have lived for this hour through all  
The desolate, blank days that held no trace  
Of your loved presence. Through the silences  
That fed and grew upon my soul's decrease;  
Through barrenness of thought and life I lived  
For this, although I knew not it should come.

CYRIL.

You greet me love with tears, through which  
your soul

Shines warmer welcome than could brightest eyes

Unclouded by such rapture. Yet my words—  
You do not say: for these the crowning shame  
Your love has brought my life, I do forgive.

ELOISE.

O love, my love! the word forgiveness means  
That which men feel when injury is done  
Unto them. Think then, can you injure me?  
Your own life would be marred in doing so.  
Can you lay down your life or take it up  
At sudden choice? This wonder that you  
bear,

Nor understand through all your misery,  
Is not your own, nor mine, though I am  
part

Of the unfoldment of its mystery.  
O my Beloved! O my nobler self!  
O my completement, lo, there is no need  
Between us evermore that one should say  
Unto the other, stoop now to forgive!

CYRIL.

Heart's dearest, holding in your strong  
white hands  
The pulses of my life; heart's bravest, lo □  
My life and I are yours! I will not stay  
Beside you now, lest this glad rapturous hour  
Of our reunion cause you sweet, to speak  
Some hurried word you might repent to stand  
Apart with from my presence. Eloise,  
My thought was formed before I saw you, lo,  
It is but fair that you should speak few words

Until you frame an answer. Either way  
Your answer, dear, shall drown all lighter  
sounds

From our lives passing. If your word is yea,  
We nevermore can lose its awesomeness;  
But little days and acts will echo still  
Through their minutest ways some trace of it;  
As one may hear in inland countries from  
Some hollow shell the murmur of the sea.  
And if your word is nay, if it is nay,  
My darling it is still your word. I go  
That you may choose if I henceforth shall go  
Alone or close beside you. I will come  
To you again in three days time to hear  
If life or death awaits their ended term.

SCENE THIRD—Eloise's apartments in Florence. ELOISE and JOYCE.

JOYCE.

I stand to-day, an uninvited guest  
Before you, Madam, hoping thus to hear  
News from you of my husband, who has been  
But lately in your presence.

I do live  
Apart from his good graces now, that you  
May be the more exalted. Understand  
That this continues only for a time.  
But, while the time lasts, lo I had in mind  
A foolish fancy to behold your face;  
Which, being seen, brings rest unto my soul.  
Is this a face for parting man and wife  
Save a few moments only? Is it this

That I have lain awake through midnight hours  
To picture forth its charm?

Why, one can find  
Ten, twenty, fairer than it in each block  
One passes on the street; no fire, no life,  
No passion in it to retain the love  
Its fragileness awakened.

ELOISE.

I have heard  
From Cyril Davenant—

JOYCE.

My husband, yes—

ELOISE.

The story of your life, and pardon me  
I have no wish to know aught of it more  
Save the unalterable fact, it is.

I pray you leave me as you chose to come,  
*Sans ceremonie.*

JOYCE.

You are hard and cold  
And merciless. I did imagine you  
A different woman. I did fear you—I,  
I never shall again. I will not go  
Until I say the words I came to say;  
Until I wring your heart as you have mine,  
What have you done with him whose name  
I bear?

Where is my husband? You who stand  
there have  
No right I should not question.

When he loved  
Me first he turned his calm indifferent gaze

From your cold perfectness that could not  
hold

Regard it scarce awakened; aye, he turned  
For love from you to me, and do you think  
He will not turn again when he shall find  
Your love a fragile thing, unfit for aught  
Save daintily to walk beside him, while  
The sunshine of World's favor says you may;  
But powerless to dare all, shame and death,  
And loss of all that makes your little life  
Now precious in his sight?

ELOISE.

It may well be  
This that you tell me; I am hard and weak.  
I never held a thing within my hand  
So costly as this man's love and then threw

It from me that my heart might thus be made  
The stronger by so doing. Solitude,  
And separateness from my kind have come  
Unto me as Love's guerdon, but I make  
No plaint of this to you or any one.  
Our lives have separate aims. We need not  
stand

To wail one mutual sorrow: it can be  
But unlike to us, though men give one name,  
That of loss to it, it can never mean  
The same thing to us here or otherwhere.

JOYCE.

What do you know of solitude within  
The crowded street? If you had stood as I,  
Hearing no sound save that the great sea  
brought,

Thundering each day within my ears the  
wail  
Of all dead voices it had silencéd!  
My own the only live one to shriek back  
Against such multitude of quenched fear,  
The living terror, grown so strong in me  
Of my own spirit. Ah you then might speak  
Of solitude and separateness—then—  
But not now!

ELOISE.

I have no more words to say.

JOYCE.

O you, who never tempted stand and hold  
Your thought even from the fallen!

You who feel  
A courage not your own, because unwrought

Through travailing of soul to the one strength  
Thus gained and made your own!

O womanhood

Yet all unproved, with no more words to say  
To one who faltered where you stand se-  
cure

Untempted by your nature. God has set  
Your feet within straight paths, and guarded  
strong

Your heart against all passionate swift right  
Another heart might claim there.

Thank Him then,  
Not your own purity: thank God, and turn  
Back to so thank Him where no other soul  
Be hindered in its journey that you may  
Find gratulation farther. I have done.

God send you in some hour of bitter need  
More words when your occasion shall demand,  
Although you speak as I have spoken here,  
Where other human presence there is none.

---

SCENE FOURTH—Eloise's apartments in Florence. CYRIL and ELOISE.

ELOISE.

This day decides it: this blue summer day,  
Which lighter hearts are spending out of doors

In the day's fulness. You and I and one  
Unhappy insect striving 'gainst the pane  
That holds him from the light; we only  
breathe

The bitter air of bondage. Pray you ope  
The casement, let him go. There is no need

Of other suff'ring in this world than that  
We two know in this hour. And now my  
love,

Let me speak first, for when I shall have  
done

There may be no need one should speak  
again.

Turn backward with me to the time when first  
We loved each other. Can you now recall  
When this that is Life's strongest part be-  
gan?

It were as easy to recall the hour  
When your first childish word was utteredé  
As tell when wordless Love first drew our  
lives

From lighter living to his Empiry.

CYRIL.

I cannot turn my glances far enough  
Into my past to see a time in which  
You brought not added grace to every  
thought  
That this my poor life holds without you,  
love.

ELOISE.

What is there in your kiss that takes from me  
The strength to tell you what I must of  
truth?

That's stronger than your kisses—only that  
In this wide world. I pray you let me go.  
I am not sure when thus you hold my face  
Between your hands what is the right, and so  
I cannot tell you if you will not hear.

CYRIL.

I will hear any word, aye every one  
That you can find it in your heart to speak  
To one who loves you better than the form  
Of man-made laws, you place such trust  
upon.

My own dear love! I will not touch you  
now.

You shall stand all uninfluenced to prove  
That which is best for both. Would I  
could take

All previous influences that weigh down  
Your gentle spirit with the subtle power  
That lies in custom-made observances,  
And leave you free from the World's past  
to choose

Our future! Try, sweetheart, to judge for us  
As you would judge if you had never known  
Lives weaker than your own. Ah! surely  
then

You would not send me from you, solely for  
The reason that I love you next to God?

ELOISE.

The time crowds fast upon us. Could I  
know

One little hour of rest in which to choose!  
But I shall never know heart's rest again.  
Since I first entered Womanhood's ordeal  
How many times, though vainly, have I  
wished

For power to turn and grasp some vanished  
hour

Of my lost childhood. There were many  
then,

Fast spent, unprized. O wealth of rest  
contained

In those past hours! If one could only fit  
Into the jar and fret of wiser days

Such freedom from World's care, and thus  
live on

More strong to bear the weight of thoughts  
that crush

The tired brain with their unending round!  
This may not be, and so we judge and  
choose

And stumble blindly through Life's maze,  
when all

Might be so changéd, if Forgetfulness

Would lay her quiet fingers on our brows,  
Some moment's space each day.

You speak of laws:  
Man's laws, you say—not God's—man's laws  
which break  
In striving to uphold such wrong as this  
Would prove to us. True, love, man's  
laws may be  
Made and unmade as circumstances and  
chance  
May dictate, but beyond these laws the one  
Great law of God: Thou shalt not sin: is  
firm  
To break our selfish loves that threaten it.

CYRIL.

My darling, listen to me! There's no law

Exists, so strong as this, Love's law that binds  
You to me! Do not set for you and me  
A task so hard, so beyond human strength  
As parting. You might better take this life,  
So purposeless without you, make an end  
Of this its maimed expression among men;  
Than with your words condemn me to such  
fate;

Existence without impulse higher than  
My soul feels of itself. There is no sin  
In this my turning toward you, in that you  
Grant inspiration to Life's highest good.

ELOISE.

Say any words but these and I am strong!  
These shake the deep foundation of my  
strength

As founded on an error.

Is there right,  
O Cyril, is there wrong, save in our thought?  
Our wavering thought calling to-day's deed  
good

That yesterday was evil; wiping out  
All wrong and suffering through its kind  
intent,

That meant well; surely all that is is good,  
Since once it was pronounced so.

O the pulse  
Of the World's heart we have no power to  
stay  
Calling it this or that name! O the sin,  
The ignorance that stalks on undismayed,  
By its new title Undeveloped Good!

You do regard the purpose of my life  
As something warped through fear from  
rightful choice.

Yet I to-day could stand before mankind,  
The sleek, contented, virtuous, prosperous,  
And give them scorn for scorn, and tell  
them that

This love I bear you is the same that makes  
Their blessing and my curse, aye, I could  
dare

Each bitter word they said if that were all.

CYRIL.

If God were merciful, if He could reach  
A guiding hand to lead one through this  
maze

Of troubled time. If He could only say:

“This path, this course, this action is the right”!

But if he has the power, He has no will;  
And I am close beside to love you, I,  
A human presence. O my love, my own!  
How can you turn from me unto the void  
That hides what will not answer, though  
you call

Forever to the clear Perfection, that  
Needs not your toil, nor heeds your dis-  
content?

ELOISE.

He does not answer me, yet am I sure  
At times, (O that such moments came within  
The setting of each day!) He hears and  
knows

My yearning toward him. If there were no  
God

Even of my conscience I would make one  
still

To strive toward and adore, but that there is  
Such answer to my need, I am as sure  
As that all else beside it is but vain  
Subservience to its asking.

CYRIL.

O my God!

Is there among Thy worlds a place where one  
May strive and grow and never feel the sting  
That waits us here in each completement that  
Writes failure on our foreheads?

Shall we find  
Amid Thy myriad times, a time when we

In reaching aught without which lies undone  
All former striving through which we have  
sought

To gain and make our own Thy thought  
of us;

When we may hold the sweet we love a  
part

Of life—not something torn from out the  
heart

When most it grew thereto—not something  
slipped

From underneath the feet on reaching heights  
We might not gain without?

We grow to love

Strange things. Our grief, our loss, our  
shame even seems

Sometimes a staff to help us farther on;  
A something tangible amid Life's shows,  
Most blest because most real.

I do know  
While standing here undone, existence  
proved  
All bitterness, all failure, I do know  
A strength so past all comfort, so beyond  
All need of happiness, so utterly  
Apart from all things save its mastery!  
Yet, contradiction that I am, I fall  
Back from it oftentimes in terror, thrust  
Between its higher promptings and my soul  
A crowd of petty duties, grosser cares,  
Turn to it only when the small things fail  
To keep my starving nature longer down

Unto their level. O my Eloise!  
Answer me—since God may not—tell me from  
Your clearer knowledge why all growth is  
found  
Through such discouragement?

O sweetheart, come  
And be an answer to my questioning soul  
Through life and death until we two may  
stand  
Within the flaming knowledge all unscathed  
That tries our natures here so cruelly!

ELOISE.

I have no strength to stand before that  
Power  
That made me strong to see and know the  
right

And choose the wrong. Not even for  
Love's sake,

Stronger than all things else because the  
right

Is strongest. Heart's beloved, I am yours;  
Yours through all parting, meeting accident,  
This World can force upon us; yours to  
grow

Up to God's throne with; yours beyond all  
power

In evil things to part us! I am strong  
Because of my great love for you. I dare  
Not listen to your calling.

Were there one  
To choose for, that one I, the choice were  
made

As soon as offered. What there is to fear  
Of consequence to me in present time  
I do not care for. What there is to dread  
In unknown future, this I know and dare  
In parting from you. Would there then  
for me

Be aught in dread to hold me from my place  
Beside you?

All Eternity's compressed  
In each sharp moment of complete regret  
That this life holds for me when separate  
From you, Beloved.

When the cup is full,  
What matter if beyond its little brim  
The ocean surges? it can hold no more.  
But there are two to think of. Could I stand

At last in God's great presence and excuse  
For my love's sake the sin that held you  
from

Your true inheritance of perfect love?  
In that clear hour 'twould seem a grievous  
thing,

Not love but hatred that so weighed you  
down

With selfish claims till you could only stand  
Ashamed of all things else because of it.

CYRIL.

Eloise, you are strong to shape your fate,  
And you are strong to make or hinder mine.  
O love! why look you forward to some time  
In unknown future when God shall make  
plain

A path we might find here and enter on  
In present time? My love, my Eloise,  
God is not strong enough to force the right  
Upon us! Listen, sweetheart, to this truth  
I have wrung out of bitter suffering.

There is no power in Heaven, Earth or  
Hell

To force the soul's direction save the strength  
Inherent in itself.

You think some day  
To hear a voice say: "From your patience  
proved

Through years of waiting your reward is  
wrung;

Henceforward happiness is yours." Ah love!  
I question if the end is meant to be

Happiness there or here. How may one use  
Life's bitter discipline in some long rest?  
When one has borne hunger and cold so  
long

The sweet things sting so, find one all unfit  
To welcome them!

It may be never meant  
For strongest souls, souls fitted to endure,  
To win contentment; growth comes not  
that way.

Dear, we are struggling upward through  
the clods

Of earthly hind'rances. When we have  
reached

The light beyond, the upper freedom, we  
Shall find no sudden change, but still bear on

Through new conditions the old nature's  
power,

The strength, the growth, that ceasing  
would be death.

You will be never nearer me than now:

Now, while you place a name, a law, a  
breath,

Between us and our future. You but wait  
For what is yours, your own, placed in  
your hand.

You lose long years in dull abandonment  
To dragging sorrow which might all be  
used

In undivided struggle toward the good.

ELOISE.

Cyril, I stood in darkness, but the light

Is won, and shines henceforward more and  
more  
Unto the perfect day. I stood alone  
Through the long months since last we  
parted, sad,  
In England's spring-time, and I heard no  
word,  
Save the dull chiding of my heart that  
called  
Loudly for justice against God's decree.  
But, through your words, bringing my own  
thoughts back  
New-clothed in vesture of your earnest  
speech,  
And through all promptings of my lower  
soul,

Demanding Love's contentment as its due,  
I hear a voice where there is none to speak,  
And I alone to listen, and I dare  
No longer raise my own against the sound  
That drowns your pleading with its stern  
command :

"Thou shalt go thus far and no farther  
tread

Life's paths together till some future word."

I cannot go beyond you; cannot take  
My soul from out your soul-strength that  
has grown

Such part of it. I may not anywhere  
Find rest again, Beloved, till we stand  
God-united, one complete soul, undis-  
mayed.

But I can wait throughout earth's changing  
time,

For the Unchanging to make manifest  
The life's completemet, here so soiled and  
worn

By my tears falling :

gathering strength to learn  
From lessons taught by nature, that I stand  
Not the one inharmonious thing within  
A universal harmony; not lost  
To future peace and blessedness that now  
The bitter waters of adversity  
Are come into my life. They may not take,  
While sweeping fast from weakened grasp  
the things

Once counted part of life itself—aye once

Thought very life of life—they may not take  
With joy and youth and hope the Wonder,  
that

Called Love, proves God, to chosen souls  
that reach

Through its divineness all of certainty.

The patience, O the patience! While we  
wait,

The winter days storm-laden, bring the  
spring,

The tender, fragile spring the summer  
hours,

The summer changes to the ripened close  
Of Nature's handiwork the perfect year;

And year to year succeeds, the while we  
mourn

The equal changes that must needs be met  
In the unending progress of our lives.

Love I but turn from you some moment's  
space

To cleanse my wedding garment from all  
stain

Earth may have cast upon it ; turn to win  
The beauty incorruptible that may

Be never henceforth tarnished in your sight.

O help me Cyril, help me here to turn !

For I do feel that from this hour our lives  
Grow out apart toward God, or turning  
else

To one dark sin, grow downward, down-  
ward till

We lose forever more the power to turn.

O Heart's Beloved! for some strange new word

Never yet spoken of man's lips, some word  
To hold the love I bear you. Ah your face  
Flames back to mine the answering  
thought, there needs

No word, or old or new, between us twain  
Forevermore there needs no hindering word!

CYRIL.

With this your answer Sweetheart, all is said.  
There is no word to say except Farewell,  
And that I cannot bid you, though it turn  
To hallelujahs in some after time  
Yet darkened to our present.

What shall I  
Hearing no inward voice of solace do

With this my earth-life's burden till the  
hour

Your soul foresees of union past the power  
Of the grave's mouth to thwart us?

Ah this grows

Too hard for your enduring! I forget  
While leaning on your nobleness the strain  
My grosser nature brings you. Eloise,  
Look at me, listen to my words, the last  
That I shall ever speak on earth to you.

Think of me henceforth, when men speak  
my name

Unto you, as perchance they may, with  
praise

Of effort slow-accomplished to power;  
As one who reaches what he knows of grace,

And strength and sweetness through his  
love for you,

His changeless, deathless, wondrous love  
for you.

Think of me as I last stood in the light  
Of the fast-sinking sun in Florence here,  
Telling you that the light that dims his  
power

The light that guides you into peace, shall be  
Henceforward mine, beyond all doubt's dis-  
may

To overcloud. O love, my own true love,  
God bless you freely as you have blessed me  
Through all your noble life!

God keep you dear!  
I, who would do all things to bless you, I,

Must leave you where I found you, in the  
light  
Of His near presence.

God forgive you, sweet,  
If my o'erreaching love a moment dimmed  
Your clearer vision, through your own  
heart's strength  
Of self-surrender to its clamoring need.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forgive as we forgive our debtors? More!  
Show more of tenderness. Help us to bear  
Our lives injustice, Lord, till we may reach  
Forgiveness in our turn, for all who stand  
Needing as we the larger Charity,  
Waiting revealment through Earth's many  
days.

Our questioning is ended. There remains  
For us henceforth endurance, nevermore  
The agony of conflict we have known.  
Endurance, through Earth's sunshine and  
its shade;  
Endurance, through the mirth of weaker  
things;  
Endurance, till Death's merciful caress,  
I would this hour brought to us, you and  
me;  
That we might never know a lesser thought;  
That we might never feel a weaker thrill  
Of pain or pleasure, to upbraid our lives,  
With hint that this hath been!

My own, my love!  
I go with the lost day, and lo, the night

That knows no earthly change, the night  
has come!





## *EPILOGUE.*

And so they turned, as she had said toward  
God

The bending of their steps: Chose thus to be  
Among the few in Life's great mystery  
Who tread the paths by mankind all untrod;  
Losing the sweetness of Love's certainty,  
For the more awful chance, that the grave-  
clod

Must first be passed to prove the surety  
That souls forereach by Faith's divining-rod.

And what they reached of sacred wonder-  
ment,

Or what they bore of sorrow desolate,  
I may but dimly feel, the while I wait  
My own life problem's solving to me sent.  
Trusting as they in the great Calm's con-  
tent,  
Our restlessness foreshades to be of Fate.





